THE

# WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, June 22, 1801.

*Deſcription of Mal Maiſon; ou, Le Chateau De Maiſon, the Reſidence of Bonaparte.*

THIS magnificent old caſtle, now the country reſidence of the Grand Conſul of the French republic, is pleaſantly ſituated on the river Seine, nine miles from Paris, and three from St. Germain; it was erected by Francis Manſart, for Monſ. De Longueil, preſident of parliament, and ſuperintendant of the finances; and at the revolution belonged to the Compte d'Artois. —Three noble avenues, diſpoſed in the form of a croſs, and having each two pavilions, decorated with different ſtyles of architecture, and ſeparated by a foſſe, conduct you to the caſtle. The principle avenue, interſected with roads in the foreſt of St. Germain, has in perſpective two pavilions, with Doric columns, ſupporting groupes of children, bearing baſkets of flowers. On entering the ſecond avenue, on the left, are placed on maſſy pedeſtals, ſtatues of Mars and Minerva, with children, and their attributes. A noble building, appropriated for ſtables, to which belong a riding-ſchool, with the ſame on each ſide.—The front of the caſtle is decorated, in the antique ſtyle, with two orders of architecture, namely, the Doric, and the ancient Ionic, ornamented with four vaſes, ſurmounted with an attic of Corinthian pilaſters.—On this ſide of the court are two plantations, moſt beautifully formed; that on the left is terminated by an orangery.—The caſtle is ſurrounded by a dry foſſe, and bordered by a terrace, which continues round the principal court. The veſtibule, after the taſte of that of the Thuilleries, is beautified by columns and Doric pilaſters of one ſolid piece. In the hall the tapeſtry is after Jordans; and on the ſtaircaſe on the landing, are Ionic pilaſters, between which are large cornices, with groupes of figures, repreſenting painting, ſculpture, architecture, muſic,

Cupid and Hymen, and, above all, the art of war. On the right is what were termed the apartments of the Queen. The King's apartments are on the other ſide of the hall, with the corps de garde, hung with tapeſtry, preſented to Monſ. de Maiſons, when he was chancellor of the Queen-mother, and communicate with another chamber, ſupported by cariatides, in an attic raiſed out of the ceiling. On the ſide is a beautiful round cabinet: the periphery of the walls is embelliſhed with Ionic pilaſters, intermixed with looking glaſs; and the ceiling forms a lofty dome. On the roof of the caſtle is an extenſive terrace, bordered with an iron balcony: a handſome terrace ſtretches the whole length of the building, from which is a deſcent to a paſture, terminated by the river Seine; at the foot of the terrace on the left, between the flights of the ſteps, which form the figure of a horſe ſhoe, is a little caſcade with five pipes, making as many ſheets of water. Orange-trees are placed in the walks in front, and in a half-moon at the foot of the ſtaircaſe.

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## SPANISH HOSPITALITY.

[Extracted from Mordaunt; By the Author of Zeluco and Edward.]

VEVAY.

YOU will remember that our muleteer was a good deal ſurpriſed, and a little angry, at ſeeing Travers and me laughing in the middle of the ſtorm. He moved on rather ſulkily; but before we could arrive at the inn, where we intended to paſs the night, we perceived a lone houſe in the midſt of underwood, at the foot of a mountain, and at a conſiderable diſtance from the high road. The muleteer declared that it was impoſſible for his cattle to proceed to the inn during ſuch a ſtorm, and the beſt thing we could do was to take ſhelter, for the night, in that houſe.

As I had been told that all thoſe frontiers were inhabited by gangs of ſmugglers, who are the moſt deſperate fellows in Spain, and ſometimes act as robbers, I was not very fond of the propoſal; I mentioned this to Travers, who, ſhrugging his ſhoulders, ſaid, "he would do as I pleaſed; but that it was better to be robbed than to be drowned." Meanwhile a ſtout fellow, well mounted, rode by us towards the houſe: he had a gun on each ſide, ſlung in the manner in which a dragoon carries his carabine, and the man had under him a well-filled package of conſiderable bulk.

The muleteer aſked him whether he might be permitted to ſhelter his mules from the ſtorm.

"Do you think that my houſe is inhabited by Moors?" ſaid the man.

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The muleteer drove directly up to the houſe, unharneſſed his mules, put them into the ſtable, which ſeemed to be the firſt room of the manſion; for through it we paſſed to the kitchen, where we found three men and two women, with a blind muſician, ſitting by the fire, ſtrumming a guitar, which he accompanied by occaſional ſtanzas through the noſe. The company were ſo attentive to the muſic, that they took little notice of Travers or me, till the perſon who we had ſeen on the road, and whom we found to be the maſter of the houſe, came in.—"Why do you ſtand apart, like intruders, ?" ſaid he, in a loud and rather ſurly tone; "I invited you to my houſe, which you ought therefore to conſider as your own."

We bowed, and approached nearer to the fire. In a ſhort time ſupper was laid upon a long table in the ſame room. The landlord made Travers ſit on one ſide of him, and me on the other: he preſſed us to every diſh on the table. The principal one conſiſted of pieces of mutton and kid, ſtewed with abundance of hog's lard, and ſtrongly ſeaſoned with garlic: there was alſo a large diſh of ſallad, ſwimming in rancid oil, called a gaſpacho. All the company eat voraciouſly of both, except Travers and me. Neither our own appetite, though keen, nor the landlord's invitation, could overcome the repugnance excited by the flavour and appearance of thoſe two diſhes. To make amends, however, we eat abundantly of the bread, which was very good, and of oranges, of which abundance are to be found in every cottage. We would have drank more of the wine had it not been extremely ſtrong and fiery.—Our landlord miſtook the reaſon of our giving a preference to the bread, and frequently aſſured us that we were juſt as welcome to the higheſt-ſeaſoned diſh on the table as to that.

The ſupper being ended, the company wrapped themſelves in their great cloaks, and laid themſelves on the ground, except one man, who preferred the table, and another, who choſe the ſtone bench next the fire.

I happened to ſay ſomething to the muleteer concerning our baggage; this was overheard by the landlord—"Senor," ſaid he, bluntly, "you are in my houſe: it is my buſineſs that all your things be properly taken care of."

He then deſired Travers and me to follow him, which we did, into a room where there was a bed.—"This is the only bed in the houſe," ſaid he: "as you are ſtrangers, it is for you—*Buenas noches*;" ſo ſaying he left the room.

"If this man, after all, ſhould prove a knave, I ſhall be much ſurpriſed," ſaid I, "ſo much has he the manners of an honeſt man."

"It is the buſineſs of knaves to make others believe that they are honeſt," rejoined Travers.

"This man has ſucceeded with me," ſaid I.

"Do you think he has ſucceeded with himſelf?" ſaid Travers.

"I am perſuaded he has," anſwered I.

"Then depend upon it he is an honeſt man," added Travers; "for though a man may deceive the reſt of the world in that point, yet were he as cunning as the Devil, he cannot deceive himſelf."

"Right Tom," rejoined I, ſtruck with his obſervation, "and thus a knave can never be ſecure, even in this life; for, in ſpite of all his circumſpection to keep his wickedneſs concealed, there is always one perſon in the world acquainted with it; and it is wiſely ordered, that when nobody elſe could, that ſingle witneſs very often betrays him, and brings him to ſhame."

I happened to ſtep out of our bedchamber after this, and was highly pleaſed to find the ſtorm entirely abated; but a good deal ſurpriſed, at the ſame time, that every perſon ſeemed faſt aſleep, though all the doors of the houſe, even that to the fields, were open.

When I returned, however, I thought proper to ſhut that of our bed-chamber, and then lay down in my clothes beſide Travers, who was already ſtretched on the bed.

We were awaked early in the morning by the muleteer, who informed us that every thing was ready. After breakfaſting, on bread and wine, I went in ſearch of our landlord, whom I found already mounted and accoutred, as he had been the day before, with his two guns—I aſked what was to pay.

He looked diſpleaſed, and ſaid, "his houſe was not an inn."

"I thanked him for his hoſpitality;—but ſtill ſaid I, "you will be ſo good as to give this to the maid who dreſſed our ſupper, and the man who aſſiſted the muleteer, neither of whom I can find."

"I pay them their wages," ſaid he, refuſing the money, and directly riding off.

While I amuſe myſelf, and endeavour to amuſe you, my friend, with what I can recollect of the moſt ſtriking occurrences of this journey, I do not pretend to give you a view of the general manners or character of the Spaniards: were I in other reſpects qualified for that, the ſhort ſtay I made in that country would render me inadequate to ſuch a taſk. The impreſſion left on my mind, however, by what I obſerved during this journey, is, that the Spaniards are of an honeſt, hoſpitable, and generous nature, and capable of making as reſpectable a figure as any people in Europe, if ever their minds ſhould be freed from that abſurd and debaſing ſuperſtition, which chills their energy, and tends to check every ſpecies of improvement—more than all the other circumſtances to which their poverty and degeneracy have been imputed. This, however, is conjecture;

ture; but what you may rely on as fact is, that a Spaniſh ſmuggler, treated two Engliſh travellers as has been mentioned.

*(To be continued.)*

## SYMPTOMS *of* LUNATICS *out of* HOSPITALS.

*To the EDITOR,*

SIR,

THE motive for a deſign frequently occurs with me, as with many other perſons, very long before I can find leiſure, or even inclination, for its execution; and, perhaps, no deſcription of men are more liable to interruptions, than they who would be thought the *conſtant correſpondents* of a periodical work. I fully intended to have addreſſed you on the ſubject of the preſent letter a year ago; but I know not how many various avocations diverted me from it then; and my purpoſe might have been altogether loſt, if the newſpaper did not continue to preſent additional facts for me to build this propoſition upon, "That many ſhocking and fatal accidents daily occur from perſons being allowed to remain at large after they have exhibited ſymptoms of inſanity." If this be juſt, it will follow that ſuch neglect amply merits our moſt ſerious attention.

Perhaps you may ſuppoſe I am to take up the ſubject in a medical light; and ſome of your readers may paſs on to the next article, as not having taſte for "'potecaries' ſtuff;" but this is not my intention, nor are diſquiſitions *ſecundum* that *artem* in my way. It is more within my humble province, as a ſpectator of men and things, to remark that the public have fallen into a grievous error in ſuppoſing that Bethlem, St. Luke's, and a few private receptacles, in the vicinity of London, contain all the madmen within the bills of mortality. It is, no doubt, very flattering to think ſo; and what we think in our own favour, we do not ſcruple to ſay: "Vain man would be *wiſe*, though man be born like a wild aſs's colt." Yet it is an egregious error; and I think the celebrated Monteſquieu was of my opinion; for he long ago remarked, "that, by building profeſſed madhouſes, men tacitly inſinuate, that all who are out of their ſenſes are to be found only in thoſe places.*" It would be a fine compliment to the majority of mankind, if it could be proved that neither Bethlem nor St. Luke's had any *out-patients*. A man would rather be thought to aſſociate with the wiſe than the fooliſh; but I ſtrongly ſuſpect, that, until our public receptacles are enlarged, he will find this extremely difficult as a matter of choice;

* I quote from a quoter, and ſo cannot, like modern annotators, give you the *cap. ſect. col.* or *lin.*

choice; nay, if he ſpeak truth, he will allow that it is impoſſible to claſs himſelf among thoſe who never ſtand in need of a little temporary confinement, ſalutary conſtraint, and lowering diet. For my own part, while I lament my inability to make the ſelection I could wiſh, I am obliged to liſten to ravings as well as reaſonings. I am not inſenſible that I may occaſionally have had a *touch;* for I do firmly believe (with ſubmiſſion to the faculty be it ſpoken) that ſome kinds of madneſs are infectious and *endemic*, if not *epidemic*. I have known a whole village, not far from London, quite *diſtracted* about a diſpute which happened at an aſſembly, when the villages adjoining had nothing of the kind. In the city, a pariſh will often be out of its ſenſes about the choice of a conſtable or churchwarden; and, not many years ago, all the inhabitants of the ward in which I live, had their heads turned about a common ſewer. But theſe are partial frenzies: let us advert to the public at large.

It has always appeared to me to be a very inconſiſtent thing, that, while we are eager to catch the firſt ſymptoms of a bodily diſorder, and apply for the beſt advice, we ſhould be ſo negligent as to let mental diſorders take their own courſe, and never become ſenſible of the abſurdity of ſuch neglect until ſome accident awaken us; and even then all the atonement we make, is a *wiſe* recollection, an *ex poſt facto* enumeration of the remedies that ought to have been adminiſtered, and a thouſand or two of tender pities that they were not adminiſtered ſooner; nay, perhaps, in the inſolence of compaſſion, we go a little farther, and aſſert our having foreſeen all that has happened, as if foreſight, and the means of prevention, ought not to be inſeparable companions. Of all prophets, there are none ſo eminent as thoſe who foretel things that have happened, and whoſe wiſdom, like a will and teſtament, is never diſcloſed until the party is dead. But ſurely, Mr. Editor, ſome penalty ought to be attached to ſuch *poſt obit* ſagacity. We have a ſevere law againſt the concealment of treaſonable plots, although we ſhould not be concerned with them; and I verily think that *miſpriſion* of madneſs ought to be puniſhed with equal rigour. Why ſhould it be thought unwarrantable and inhuman to allow a man to go out of doors with the ſymptoms of fever or inflammation upon him, and no crime at all to permit the ſame man to mix in ſociety, with every appearance of a defective underſtanding? What I contend for, therefore, is, that we ſhould carefully watch the firſt ſymptoms of lunacy, that we may prevent the fatal conſequences of it to the party or his friends. *Venienti occurrite morbo* may be too trite to be repeated; but I hope it is too juſt to be deſpiſed: and I really believe the reaſon why leſs attention is paid to it than it deſerves, is becauſe we have narrowed the bounds and limits of lunacy. We have confined its *ſpecies* to a few enumerated in medical writings, and this, probably, out of compliment to the

buildings above-mentioned, which can hold only a certain number, or to our incapacity to erect premiſes ſufficient to confine the more common, and (I will venture to aſſert, in many reſpects) the more dangerous kinds of this diſorder. The latter objection, however, I humbly conceive might be obviated in a great meaſure, becauſe the ſpecies of lunacy which I ſhall notice, are principally incident to people of ſome conſiderable rank and fortune, who might eaſily ſpare a little of their wealth for their cure, provided it were attempted in time: they might then, when the *delirium* of Brooke's or Newmarket had come to its height, be able to ſay,

When houſe and land are gone and ſpent,
A *madhouſe* is moſt excellent.

But to proceed to particulars, I ſhall exhibit the following caſe: A. B. aged 23 years, hale conſtituiion, delicate ſhape, *round head*, &c. inherited a clear paternal eſtate of 5000l. a year, together with a very large ſum of ready money which had accumulated during his minority. It is ſcarcely the ſpace of four years ſince he came into the poſſeſſion of his fortune; and it is all ſpent, and its ſurvivor lives, if it may be called living, on precarious contingencies. And this large portion of wealth was diſſipated in ſo ſhort a time by the phrenzy of gaming.

Now, Mr. Editor, let me aſk you, or rather let me aſk thoſe learned gentlemen, Drs. Monro and Simmons, whether they ever met, in Bedlam, or St. Luke's, with a more confirmed caſe of lunacy? If rational creatures are to be judges, if the eternal principle, of reaſon, logic, propriety, with the natural bias and law of ſelf-defence, are to decide, ought not this perſon to have been deemed a lunatic and put under proper care, and every thing hurtful removed from him, from a pack of cards to a blood-horſe, until he had recovered his ſenſes? Were not his friends very blameable to permit him to go about with ſuch a diſeaſe on him, in the fooliſh hope that it would cure itſelf, until his unhappy caſe is paſt all remedy, and he has not only murdered his property, but laid violent hands on his character? What would have been more eaſy than to prevent all this? The firſt *game* ought to have been carefully watched; ſtrong ſymptoms of anxiety about the *odd trick* might have given the alarm, frequent viſits to the race-ground are almoſt always marks of derangement; and a ſubſcription to one of the gaming-houſes is a certain proof that the patient is in a very bad way. I have had ſome little experience in theſe matters, from a diſpoſition, perhaps often a diſagreeable one, to give advice unmaſked. I have been able to point out the approach of lunacy in a *ſcuffle*; and I have ſeen it in a *ſuit* of *law*; ſometimes I have beheld the fit coming on in St. James's-ſtreet; but of all places, the moſt dangerous for infection is a ſtable.

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I have ſtated the above as belonging to the ſpecies of madneſs which are unaccountably ſhut out of the hoſpitals, and which are never the object of the Lord Chancellor. This is a vaſt injury to the public, becauſe ſuch caſes are above all others the moſt infectious. There are many others which, however, it might be thought tedious to enumerate. I ſhall, therefore, inſtead of a dry detail of incurable caſes, which ſtare us every day in the face, offer, with all due deference, a few directions for the prevention of ſuch diſorders by timely interference; and, as nothing can contribute more to this deſireable end, than the *ſemeioſis*, or knowledge of the ſymptoms, I ſhall briefly ſtate what I have found by experience to be infallible marks and evidences of approaching madneſs.

When a young man of great wealthy expectations keeps, during his minority, a ſtud of horſes, and frequent races, and in his converſation betrays much of that kind of knowledge which we expect more naturally from horſe-dealers and jockies, it is a ſure proof he is a *little touched*.

When a young man has contracted during his minority, more debts than he has the means to pay after coming to his eſtate without ſelling ſome part of the ſame, and yet continues a ſubſcriber to gaming-houſes, and in all his bargains with tradeſmen higgles about nothing but the day of payment, it is a ſign that he is very much *deranged*.

When a lady ſits up all night at cards, and either loſes or wins (for there is in ſuch caſes no difference between loſing and winning) a ſum diſproportionate to the intereſt of the money ſhe brought to her huſband, or the ſettlement he has made upon her, or to the allowance he grants for her perſonal expences, or, finally, to his whole fortune; and if, upon a gentle hint of the impropriety of thoſe riſks, ſhe drops any incoherent words, as "faſhion—company—ſpirit—ſhabby—paltry—genteel"—or any ſuch expreſſions as have no kind of meaning, a *temporary confinement* is indicated in the cleareſt manner.

When a young married man ſpends more of his time *per annum* in ſubſcription-houſes, clubs, and on race grounds, than with his family, and neglects his *wife* for the company of ladies of ſuſpicious and ſuſpected character; if, when cenſured his eyes appeared inflamed, his ſpeech quick and loud, and the word, "ſword" be mentioned, it is a ſtrong preſumption, that if there is not already ſomething wrong about his *head*, there ſoon will be.

When a couple, juſt ſet up in buſineſs, by the aſſiſtance of their friends, and principally with borrowed money, launch out in an extenſive ſtyle of living, giving faſhionable dinners, keeping late hours, and frequenting public places, inſtead of finding or ſeeking comfort or quiet at home, you may be certain that the huſband at leaſt is *non compos*.

When you meet a man who poſſeſſed an hundred thouſand pounds acquired by trade, and yet will not be content, but riſks the whole in a ſpeculation (whether to enrich himſelf or beggar his neighbour, is not material), and find no happineſs but in ideas of accumulation, " in adding houſe to houſe and field to field," without any purpoſe of public benefit, of enlarged benevolence, or even of private charity, it is high time that his affairs were put into the hands of *truſtees* for the benefit of his family, and the mortification of the public executioner.

When a parent allows his ſons as much money as they can ſpend, or are pleaſed to demand; when he delights to ſee them well-mounted, rather than well-taught, and enter with ſpirit into the *arcana* and myſteries of faſhionable life; when he conſiders keeping a girl as ſeeing the world, and the violation of confidence as an affair of gallantry; there is an immediate and very preſſing neceſſity of applying to the Court of Chancery to appoint proper guardians for theſe forlorn youths during their father's *melancholy incapacity*.

When a preacher of the goſpel is ſeen leſs in the pulpit than in the club-room, dealing more in cards than doctrines, exclaiming oftener in oaths than in pious indignation, denying in actions the virtues he recommends in words, diſgracing the belief to which he has ſworn, and fleecing the flock he was appointed to feed; I never entertain any doubt of *madneſs* in ſuch a caſe, and the public good would require *ſtripping* and confinement; yet what ſhould be the place of confinement has been a diſputed point, becauſe in this inſtance there is ſuch a mixture of rogue and fool, that it would be very difficult to decide on the reſpective claims of Bethlem and Newgate.

When a man, connected with another in partnerſhip and a trade flouriſhing by its natural progreſs, is ſeen whiſpering with a particular claſs of men in a certain Alley near the Bank, and that without the knowledge of his partner, his *lunacy* may be aſcertained by his frequently uſing the wild and incoherent words, " bull account—bear account—an eighth—a quarter—ſcrip—omnium," &c. This ſpecies of madneſs is remarkable for being attended with *lameneſs*.

I might add to this liſt of ſymptoms a few others, but I perceive my letter is already extended rather too far; I ſhould elſe, perhaps, have noticed ſome of our new philoſophers; but they have taken ſo much pains to deſcribe their own caſes, that they are now ſufficiently known, and ſome of them I hope, in a way of recovery. I ſhall, therefore, only add, that if the public attention be drawn to the ſubject of this letter, it will be proper to conſider of raiſing a fund for the erection of receptacles ſufficiently capacious for the objects I have recommended; and this, I truſt, will not be difficult. The liberality of the public is never wanting when the object is that of pure benevolence; but here there would be ſuch a return in the articles of public,

family, and individual ſafety and happineſs, that I cannot deſpair of a handſome ſubſcription. But it is not neceſſary to dwell at preſent on this topic.

I am your's, &c.

OL. OLDSTILE.

*Oppoſite Moorfields, April*, 1801.

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*Deſcription of the Wooden Bridge over the Uſk; with an account of the ſingular Eſcape of Mrs. Williams.*

[From Coxe's Hiſtorical Tour in Monmouthſhire.]

THE wooden bridge over the Uſk may be conſidered as ſimilar to that erected by the Romans; the frame is not unlike the carpentry of Cæſar's bridge over the Rhine, which he has deſcribed in his Commentaries, and of which Stukely has given a plan, in the ſecond volume of his Itinerarium Curioſum. The floor, ſupported by ten lofty piers, is level, and divided by poſts and rails into rooms or beds of boards, each twelve feet in length; the apparently looſe and disjointed ſtate of the planks, and the clattering noiſe which they make under the preſſure of a heavy weight, have not unfrequently occaſioned alarm to thoſe who are unuſed to them. Some travellers, from a ſuperficial view of the ſtructure, have aſſerted that the planks are placed looſe, to admit the tide through their interſtices when it riſes above the bridge, and which would, if they were fixed, force them from the frame, and carry them away. But in fact the tide has never been known to riſe above the bridge, nor was the flooring conſtructed to obviate this inconvenience. Formerly the planks were faſtened at each extremity with iron nails; but the wood being liable to ſplit, and the nails frequently forced up, by the elaſtic agitation of the beams, under the preſſure of heavy carriages, the planks were ſecured from riſing by horizontal rails, faſtened to the poſts, and prevented from ſlipping ſideways, by a peg at each end, within the rail.

The height of the water, at extraordinary tides, exceeds thirty feet, but though it has never riſen above the floor, yet the united body of a high tide, and the floods to which the Uſk is ſubject, have been known to carry away parts of the bridge. An accident of this kind, which happened on the 29th of October, 1772, occaſioned a ſingular event, to which I ſhould not have given credit, had it not been authenticated by the moſt reſpectable teſtimony.

As Mrs. Williams, wife of Mr. Edward Williams, brazier, was returning from the village of Caerleon to the town, at eleven o'clock at night, with a candle and lantern, the violence of the current forced away four piers, and a conſiderable part of the bridge.

bridge. On a fragment of this maſs, conſiſting of an entire room, with the beams, poſts, and flooring, ſhe was hurried down the river; but preſerved ſufficient preſence of mind to ſupport herſelf by the railing. On arriving near St. Julian's, the candle was extinguiſhed; ſhe immediately ſcreamed for help, and was heard by ſeveral perſons, who ſtarted out of their beds to aſſiſt her; but the violence of the ſtream had already hurried her beyond their reach. During this time ſhe felt little apprehenſion, as ſhe entertained hopes of being delivered by the boatmen of Newport; her expectations were increaſed by the numerous lights which ſhe diſcerned in the houſes, and ſhe accordingly redoubled her cries for aſſiſtance, though without effect.

The fragment on which ſhe ſtood being broken to pieces againſt a pier of Newport bridge, ſhe fortunately beſtrode a beam, and after being detained for ſome minutes by the eddies at the bridge, was rapidly hurried along toward the ſea. In this perilous ſituation ſhe reſigned herſelf to her approaching fate, and addreſſing herſelf to heaven, exclaimed, "O Lord, I truſt in thee; thou alone canſt ſave me!"

About a mile from Newport, ſhe diſcerned a glimmering light in a barge which was moored near the ſhore, and redoubling her cries, was heard by the maſter of the veſſel. After hailing her, and learning her ſituation, he cried out, "Keep up your ſpirits, and you will ſoon be out of danger;" then leaping into the boat, with one of his men, rowed toward the place from whence the ſcreams proceeded; but ſome time elapſed before he overtook her, at a conſiderable diſtance from the anchorage of his barge. The night was ſo dark, that they could not diſcern each other, and the ſurf ſwelling violently, the maſter repeated his exhortations, charged her to be calm, and not attempt to quit her ſtation. Fortunately a ſudden diſperſion of the clouds enabled him to laſh the beam fore and aft to the boat. At this moment, however, her preſence of mind forſook her, and eagerly attempting to throw herſelf forward ſhe was checked by the oaths of the ſeamen, who were at length enabled to heave her into the boat; but could not diſengage themſelves from the beam, till they had almoſt reached the mouth of the Uſk. This being effected, not without great difficulty, they rowed to the ſhore, and embayed themſelves till the firſt dawn of the morning, when they conveyed her in the boat to Newport.

Though Mrs. Williams was in an advanced ſtate of pregnancy, ſhe received ſo little injury from this perilous accident, that after a few hours repoſe ſhe returned to Caerleon.

I have been thus minute in detailing the particulars of this providential eſcape, becauſe it has been related with ſo many improbable circumſtances, as to occaſion doubts of its reality. For the truth of this narrative, I can adduce the teſtimony of Mr. Jones of Clytha, Mr. Kemeys, of Mayndee, and the

Rev. Mr. Evans; all of whom ſoon afterward converſed with Mrs. Williams. To Mr. Evans, in particular, ſhe uniformly repeated the ſame account, and confirmed it on her death bed, with the moſt ſolemn aſſeverations.

The diſintereſted conduct of the maſter and boatman ought not to be omitted: notwithſtanding the peril to which they were expoſed, and their active exertions, they repeatedly declined the liberal recompence offered by Mr. Williams.

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## ORIENTAL ANECDOTES.

[Tranſlated from a Perſian Manuſcript by Francis Gladwin, Eſq. and extracted from the Grammar lately publiſhed at Calcutta by that celebrated Orientaliſt, under the title of the "Perſian Moonſhee."]

SOME merchants went to a King, and exhibited ſeveral horſes: the King liked them very much, and bought them. He gave the merchants two lacks of rupees over and above the purchaſe, and told them to bring more horſes from their own country. The merchants took their leave. The King being one day exhilarated with wine, ſaid to the Vizir, "Make a liſt of all the blockheads in my dominions." He repreſented that he had already done ſo, and had put his Majeſty at the head of them. The King aſked, "Why?" He replied, "Becauſe you gave two lacks of rupees for horſes, to be brought by merchants for whom no perſon is ſecurity; neither does any one know to what country they belong; and this is a ſign of ſtupidity." The King ſaid, "But if they ſhould bring the horſes, what is then to be done?" He anſwered, "If they ſhould bring them, I ſhould then eraſe your Majeſty's name from the liſt of blockheads, and put the merchants' in its ſtead.

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IN a certain city, a large quantity of cotton had been ſtolen. The cotton dealers brought their complaint before the King. Notwithſtanding all the ſearch that was made, the thief could not be diſcovered. An ameir ſaid, that, if he were commanded, he could diſcover the thieves; and the King ordered him to do ſo. The ameir went home, and, under pretence of making a feaſt, invited all the men of the city, ſmall and great. When all the people met together, and had ſeated themſelves, the ameir joined the company, and, looking every man in the face, ſaid, "What ill-born, impudent blockheads theſe men are, who, having ſtolen the cotton, are come to my feaſt with it ſticking on their beards!" Some perſons inſtantly put their hands to their beards, and thereby diſcovered themſelves to be the thieves. The King applauded the ameir for the contrivance.

A learned

A learned man gave a thouſand rupees in charge to a druggiſt, and then went a journey. After ſome time he returned from his journey, and wanted the money from the druggiſt, who ſaid, "You tell a lie, you did not intruſt it to me." The learned man began to wrangle; people gathered together, and accuſed him of uttering a falſehood, ſaying, "The druggiſt is a man of integrity, who has never betrayed his truſt; if you conteſt the matter, you will get puniſhed." The learned man was without remedy: he drew out his caſe on paper, and laid it before the King. The King told him, "Go and ſeat yourſelf three days near the druggiſt's ſhop, without ſpeaking a word; the fourth day I will paſs that way, and make you a ſalaam, which you are to return, without ſaying any thing more to me. When I depart from thence, demand your money of the druggiſt, and let me know what he ſays." The learned man, in conformity to the King's orders, ſeated himſelf cloſe to the druggiſt's ſhop. The fourth day the King went that way in great ſtate, and, when he ſaw the learned man, ſtopped his horſe, and made him a ſalaam, which the learned man returned. The King ſaid, "Why, brother, you never come nigh me, nor give me any account of your circumſtances." The learned man moved his head a little, but ſaid nothing. The druggiſt ſaw all this, and was alarmed. When the King went away, the druggiſt aſked the learned man—"At the time you gave the money into my charge, in what place was I, and who was along with me? tell me again, perhaps I may have forgotten the matter." The learned man again repeated all the circumſtances. The druggiſt replied, "You ſay right; it is now come to my recollection." In ſhort, he gave the man the thouſand rupees, and made many excuſes.

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ONE day, a poet having committed a crime, the King ordered the executioner to put him to death in the royal palace. A trembling ſeized the poet's body. A courtier called out to him, "What cowardice and irreſolution is this! a man never ſuffers dread in this manner." The poet replied, "Mr. Courtier, if you are a man, ſit in my place, and allow me to ſtand up." The King was ſo much pleaſed with this ſtroke of humour, that he laughed, and pardoned the offence.

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## *Character of the Prince-Regent of Denmark.*

*By Mr.* ROBERT STEVENS.

THE Crown-Prince is Prince-Regent of Denmark. He was born the 28th of January, 1768. In 1790, he married the Princeſs of Heſſe, daughter of the Prince of Heſſe, Governor of Sleſwick and Holſtein. He is thin, and rather under middle ſize; his

his complexion pale, his features far from handſome, but he has a pleaſing countenance, and when reviewing the troops, or engaged in any intereſting employment, his eyes are expreſſive of much vivacity. His perſonal character is very amiable; he is agreeable in his addreſs, appears to have no pride of birth, and is polite and attentive to all who converſe with him, but particularly to ſtrangers. His moral and domeſtic character is very good, and though much diſpoſed to ſociety, and fond of company and converſation, he is extremely temperate and abſtemious. He ſeems to underſtand, that in a country where the government is arbitrary, and rank and titles are looked up to with veneration, all reformation of manners muſt originate in the higher claſſes: he acts upon this principle, and in this reſpect, as well as in many others, he is a pattern for men in high ſtations in all countries, who, we have daily occaſion to obſerve, rarely regard decorum, and the moral decencies of life, but leave them to the vulgar, as affairs beneath their notice. The Crown-Prince, happily for his country, has not an enterpriſing genius; but as a ſtateſman he poſſeſſes qualities which are of much more conſequence to his people:—great and extenſive benevolence, magnanimity, coolneſs, prudence, induſtry, and penetration. His benevolence does the higheſt honour to his feelings as a man, and is well exemplified by his indefatigable exertions to provide for and comfort the poor ſufferers who had loſt the whole of their property in the dreadful fire of 1795, before alluded to. Indeed the happineſs of his people ſeems to be his aim in all his actions; and to ſum up the political character of the Crown-Prince of Denmark—he is every thing that can be expected from the pupil of Bernſtorff:—and when we have ſaid this, what can we ſay more.

This illuſtrious and accompliſhed ſtateſman, the great Count de Bernſtorff, died at Copenhagen the 21ſt of June, 1797, univerſally regreted and lamented by a grateful people, whoſe affections he undoubtedly poſſeſſed; and though the miniſter of a deſpotic monarch, he was yet a true friend to the rights and liberties of mankind.

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*Abſtract of Mr. James's Account of Alexander Selkirk.*

THIS ſeaman was born at Largo, in Scotland, in or about the year 1676. His father was a ſhoemaker and tanner—to the former of which the ſon was bred—but diſliſking the occupation, went to ſea. Contrary to the opinion of Dr. Beattie and others, he was not illiterate—for he was acquainted with mathematics and navigation. He ſailed with Captain Dampier, who left the Downs the 30th of April, 1705. Selkirk was ſailing-maſter in the Cinque Ports galley, and commenced his

memorable ſolitude at Juan Fernandez, October, 1704. Dampier, who had been the means of leaving this poor man on a ſavage iſland, was the deſtined inſtrument by which his deliverance was obtained. In February, 1709, he again reached the iſland, and reſcued him from the barbarous ſtate in which he found him, having been there four years and four months. Selkirk arrived in England, after having ſpent eight years, one month, and three days, in ſurrounding the globe. In his return, he viſited America, Aſia, Africa, and Europe. He became well known to the merchants and Captains about the Exchange. Sir Richard Steele thus mentions his acquaintance with him:—"The perſon I ſpeak of is Alexander Selkirk, whoſe name is familiar to men of curioſity. I had the pleaſure frequently to converſe with the man ſoon after his arrival in England, 1711. It was matter of great curioſity to hear him, as he is a man of good ſenſe, give an account of the different revolutions in his own mind in that long ſolitude. When I firſt ſaw him, I thought if I had not been let into his character and ſtory, I could have diſcerned that he had been much ſeparated from company, from his aſpect and geſture—there was a ſtrong, but cheerful ſerioufneſs in his looks, and a certain diſregard to the ordinary things about him, as if he had been ſunk in thought. The man frequently bewailed his return to the world, which could not he ſaid, with all its enjoyments, reſtore him to the tranquillity of his ſolitude. Though I had frequently converſed with him, after a few months abſence he met me in the ſtreet, and though he ſpoke to me, I could not recollect that I had ſeen him. Familiar converſe in this town had taken off the lonelineſs of his aſpect, and quite altered the air of his face. This plain man's ſtory is a memorable example that he is happieſt who confines his wants to natural neceſſities, and he that goes farther in his deſires, encreaſes his wants in proportion to his acquiſitions; or, to uſe his own expreſſions—I am now worth 800l. but ſhall never be ſo happy as when I was not worth a farthing!"—Engliſhman, No. 26. Dec. 3, 1713.

Mr. Selkirk is ſuppoſed to have returned to his native place, and ſettled there—remaining in England till about the year 1720. The beating of a boy occaſioned his leaving Largo, and his friends never heard of him afterwards. Thus unfortunately ends his hiſtory. John Selkirk, his grand nephew, a weaver at Largo, was living in September, 1794, and remembers having ſlept with him repeatedly. The ſame perſon was in poſſeſſion of the gun and cheſt which his great uncle brought from Juan Fernandez. They alſo had a drinking cup of cocoa-nut ſhell, tipped with ſilver, which had been his property; but the ſilver is now gone, and the cup only remains.

Thus it ſeems, from the narrative before us, that Selkirk, who gave riſe to Robinſon Cruſoe, the moſt entertaining novel in the world,

world, himſelf diſappeared in a manner which has never been aſcertained. This is a curious circumſtance—and ſhews the viciſſitudes to which our preſent condition is ſubjected.

## ON RELIGION.

By ROBERT BURNS.

RELIGION, my dear friend, is the true comfort! A ſtrong perſuaſion in a future ſtate of exiſtence; a propoſition ſo obviouſly probable, that ſetting revelation aſide, every nation and people, ſo far as inveſtigation has reached, for at leaſt near 4000 years, have in ſome form or other firmly believed it. In vain would we reaſon and pretend to doubt. I have myſelf done ſo to a very daring pitch, but when I reflected that I was oppoſing the moſt ardent wiſhes and the moſt darling hopes of good men, and flying in the face of all ages, I was ſhocked at my own conduct. I know not whether I have ever ſent you the following lines, or if you have ever ſeen them, but it is one of my favourite quotations, which I keep conſtantly by me in my progreſs through life, in the language of the book of Job:

" Againſt the day of battle and of war,"

ſpoken of religion.

'Tis this, my friend, that ſtreaks our morning bright,
'Tis this that gilds the horror of our night.
When wealth forſakes us, and when friends are few,
When friends are faithleſs, or when foes purſue;
'Tis this that wards the blow, or ſtills the ſmart,
Diſarms affliction, or repels his dart;
Within the breaſt bids pureſt raptures riſe,
Bids ſmiling conſcience ſpread her cloudleſs ſkies!

## ON LOQUACITY.

TO engroſs the whole of converſation is generally admitted to be a deviation from the rules of politeneſs; it therefore conſequently follows, that no man of this character can be a pleaſing companion. The ſoul of converſation is rejoinder; and every judicious man will never be tedious in delivering his ſentiments; and the modeſt man with a little diſcernment, will always look at the countenances of the company to diſcover what ſenſations his opinions excite. This would operate to check that diſguſting garrulity to which many perſons of reſpectability and fortune are addicted.

## AN ANECDOTE.

IN one of Queen Ann's Parliaments, a gentleman of large fortune ſtanding candidate for a borough, he opened an obſcure houſe in the town for the uſe of his conſtituents. The landlord thinking this a very proper time to make his fortune, in drawing out his bill, for the mere article of ale, charged 300l. The candidate, aſtoniſhed at ſuch an impoſition, refuſed to pay it, and ſaid it was impoſſible his houſe could hold any thing like that quantity of liquor. "However," ſays he, "to do you juſtice, at the ſame time not to cheat myſelf, will you agree to be paid for as much ale as your houſe will hold?" The landlord conſented, and a ſurveyor was immediately ſent for, who, after meaſuring the ſeveral ſquare feet of every corner of the houſe, returned the bill to amount to no more than forty-four pounds ten ſhillings!

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*Anſwer, by Avis, of North Petherton, to W. H.'s Rebus, inſerted April 13.*

YOUR rebus I tranſpos'd aright,
And then a MILLION came in ſight.

☞ Similar anſwers have been received from Philom. of Teingmouth; Mechanicus, and T. Webber, jun. of Tiverton; J. Smith, L. H. J. Squance, Egbert Moon, T. Whicker, J. Hill, and P. Gove, of Exeter; R. Thomas, of Bridgewater; J. R. Toulmin; W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; R. Perry, of Southmolton; and J. Swetman, of Melbury Oſmond.

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*Anſwer, by W. Harris, Jun. of Exeter, to J. Squance's Rebus, inſerted April 20.*

WHEN haughty Tippoo dar'd become
Britannia's open foe,
Her ſons, by gallant HARRIS led,
Soon laid the tyrant low.

*** We have received the like anſwer from J. Hill, L. H. Egbert Moon, T. Whicker, and P. Gove, of Exeter; R. Thomas, of Bridgewater; D. H. of Briſtol; and T. Webber, jun. of Tiverton.

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*A* QUESTION, *by Abel Whitehouſe, at the Obſervatory, Awring Roads.*

GIVEN the ſquare of the greater number multiplied into the leſſer = 320, and the ſquare of the leſſer taken from their rectangle = 15: Required thoſe numbers by the moſt ſimple equation poſſible.

## *An* ENIGMA.

I Contain many gallons of drink;
Yet I often am held to the lip;
Scarce Goliath could lift me, you'd think;
And yet I can hold but a ſip.
From the top of your houſe I deſcend,
And under the pavement I crawl;
I furniſh whole cities with drink,
Yet ſeldom they ſee me at all.
I often am found in a cellar;
I often am ſeen on a table;
I travel by ſea many leagues;
To move I am wholly unable.
Sweet tunes I've been famous for whiſtling;
Your wants I full often ſupply;
In the Exchequer I'm very well known;
I ſtart, and I burſt, and I die.

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## *A* REBUS, *by J. Squance, of Exeter.*

THE ſailor would great joy explore
To caſt my firſt near native ſhore;
A well-known beaſt you'll next declare,
That in the woods doth oft appear;
A kind of plant you next muſt tell,
Which is in ſallad known full well;
If happineſs you wiſh to ſhare
Make then my next your chiefeſt care;
My next for all mankind did die,
And ſits enthron'd in yon bright ſky;
An animal next bring to light
That oft appears unto your ſight;
When Sol doth golden beams unfold
You ſeldom will my next behold;
A well-known fiſh you'll next deſcribe,
In Neptune's wide domains reſide;
A well-known inſtrument explain,
Some thouſands with it have been ſlain;
A metal next you muſt produce,
Which to the ſmith is of great uſe;
Laſtly a bird you will deſcry
That oftentimes doth ſoar on high:

The initials join'd a hero's name
Of Britain you will tell,
In fighting for his country's fame
Moſt valiantly he fell.

# POETRY.

## MARY's GRAVE.

NOW ſweetly o'er yon eaſtern hill,
The dawn of morning ſtreaks the ſkies;
Wake ſhepherd from thy ſlumbers ſtill,
And from thy ſoft repoſe ariſe.

Winter, with all his frozen train,
Hath fled upon the northern blaſt;
And genial ſpring o'er all the plain,
A mantle green again hath caſt.

And ſee the tender buds appear,
The bloſſoms ſhed their ſweets around;
Their ſimple heads the ſnow-drops rear
And the pale primroſe decks the ground.

Then ſhepherd riſe and come away,
And I will tell thee all my woe;
Why ſorrow darkens all my day,
And why my tears for ever flow.

On me bright nature ſmiles no more,
Tho' ſpring in all her charms is dreſt;
Tho' ſhe diſplays her golden ſtore,
Deep melancholy chills my breaſt.

Doſt thou not ſee yon cypreſs glade,
Whoſe boughs wave ſlowly to the gale?
Didſt thou not know the lovely maid,
The pride and wonder of the vale?

Doſt thou not ſee yon ſimple ſtone,
That reſts againſt an aged tree?
O thou, whom once I call'd my own,
When ſhall I come and dwell with thee?

To thee no more ſhall ſpring return,
Nor Phœbus dart his cheering ray;
For thee no more the hearth ſhall burn,
When winter chills the face of day.

And ſee the favourite lamb, to whom
Its daily food ſo oft ſhe gave;
Hath wander'd to my Mary's tomb,
And nips the graſs which decks her grave.

But let us check the bitter tear,
Which falls upon the verdant ſod;
For tho' the aſhes moulder here,
The ſoul repoſes with its God.

Thoſe early flowers which ſweetly ſpread
Their various beauties o'er the plain;
Were lately wither'd, dry, and dead,
And ſhortly they muſt fade again.

But my lov'd Mary's lifeleſs clay,
Which bloom'd ſo beauteous here before;
Shall ſpring in realms of endleſs day,
And flouriſh to decay no more!

ST. CLAIR.

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## *To a Daughter, on her Birth-Day, May 26, 1801.*

[From the Gentleman's Magazine.]

AT length one anxious thought is o'er;
For Iſabel's a child no more:
Sixteen's the age, my deareſt Bell,
As abler poets ſometimes tell,
When, infant foibles ſwept away,
Reaſon aſſumes its potent ſway,
And, ripening with advancing years,
In native dignity appears.

Yes, Bell, with honeſt pride I ſee
This truth exemplified in thee;
And all a parent's cares o'erpaid
By charms which grace my lovely maid.

Miſtake me not; you'll hear enough
Of dimples, ſmiles, and ſuch-like fluff,
From many an inconſiderate youth;
(Part compliment, tho' moſtly truth)
The charms I mean are, innocence;
Sweet temper, unaffected ſenſe;
In pleaſures, lively, temperate, gay;
Harmleſs as lambkins in their play!
Theſe are the pleaſures that impart
Sweet comfort to a father's heart;
Who lives to bleſs that Aweful Power
Which, in misfortune's ſacred hour,
When, all my fondeſt wiſhes croſt,
The mother of my children loſt,
Left not her orphans in deſpair,
But heard the lorn ſurvivor's prayer.
A prudent mother's fondeſt ties
A ſiſter's tenderneſs ſupplies;
And, whilſt inſtructive precept warms,
By bright example doubly charms.

O Bell! reward this matchleſs friend:
Let her attain the wiſh'd-for end;
To ſee your virtues hourly riſe,
To ſee you lovely, happy, wiſe,

Has

Has been a ſiſter's fondeſt joy:
Long may it laſt without alloy!
'Tis your's to bleſs her future years,
To ſhare her joys, diſpel her tears;
By every pleaſing art to prove
How ſweet are gratitude and love;
And, by affection's genuine ray,
To chear an aged father's day.

J. NICHOLS.

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For the Weekly Entertainer.

## ADDRESS *to the* ROSE.

CHILD of the ſummer, charming roſe!
No longer in confinement lie;
Ariſe to light; thy form diſcloſe;
Rival the ſpangles of the ſky.

The rains are gone; the ſtorms are o'er;
Winter retires to make thee way;
Come then, thou ſweetly bluſhing flower;
Come lovely ſtranger, come away.

The ſun is dreſs'd in beaming ſmiles
To give thy beauties to the day;
Fond zephyrs wait, with gentleſt gales,
To fan thy boſom as they play.

ROBERT BERRY,
*Schoolmaſter, Southmolton.*

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For the Weekly Entertainer.

## ODE *to* NIGHT.

O Cynthia! by thy ſilver light,
Amid the ſtillneſs of the night,
I love to wander thro' the grove,
Or in the dewy meads to rove;
No accents ſtrike my liſt'ning ear
Save thoſe that gentle zephyrs bear
From Philomel's ſoft warbling throat,
A pleaſing, ſweet, enchanting note;
Or from yon diſtant ivy tow'r
The bell proclaims the nightly hour;
Or the bat, with drowſy flight,
Breaks the ſtillneſs of the night.
From a rough rock's ſummit high
I ſee the waves in ſlumber lie;
And on the ſurface calm and green
Is Cynthia's face diſtinctly ſeen.
The diſtant tow'r that proudly rears
Its lofty head, and high appears
Above the humble cots below,
That to its ſtate ſuperior bow.
How ſtill, how calm the buſy place!
That throng'd with mortals trifling race
A few ſhort hours ago; but now
Still is every thing below;
And nature's ſelf appears to ſleep
Beneath the ſurface of the ſilent deep.

## SONG.

AND can it be—thou gentle power,
Subduer of the heart!
That what we deem thy happieſt hour
Should leave eternal ſmart.

And can it be—when in the breaſt
Thy warm affections wake;
That they are given but to moleſt,
Or cauſe the heart to break?

Is nature guilty to declare
Thy bliſs—when bliſs ſhe feels?
Or when, by virtue guarded there,
Thy ſorrows ſhe reveals?

Muſt ſhe o'er life's wide waſte forbear
Thy fairy path to tread;
Perverſe and thankleſs, fear a ſnare,
Where'er thy flowers are ſpread?

No! No!—it never could be meant—
Beſt boon to mortals given!
That we ſhould ſhun the bleſſing ſent,
The pure foretaſte of Heaven.

Let guilt abaſh'd—its rapture hide,
Its agony and ſhame;
Which vainly would thy peace divide,
And would uſurp thy name!

The heart as open as the day,
And chaſte as mountain ſnow,
Without a ſpot may own the ray,
Which taught it firſt to glow.

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## ADDRESS *to* VIRTUE.

COME thou dear majeſtic form,
Virtue fair! my boſom warm;
Guide my footſteps by thy ray,
To eternal ſcenes of day;
May thy precepts be my care,
Ever pure and ever fair;
By thee directed I ſhall riſe
To joys unknown, above the ſkies;
By thee aſſiſted I ſhall find,
A ſoft compoſure in my mind;
A never failing ſource of joy,
Which earthly things cannot deſtroy:
Deſcend, thou goddeſs, heav'n-born truth,
And guide my inexperienc'd youth;
A ſpark of thy celeſtial ray
Shall drive my gloomy fears away;
Thy beauteous lamp my feet ſhall guide
And bear me up againſt the tide,
Of all my foes, combin'd in one,
For none can overthrow thy throne;
Thy promiſes are ever ſure,
Thyſelf for ever ſhall endure;
While angel ſeraphs ſound thy praiſe,
Encircled in celeſtial rays;
In their employment I ſhall join,
And celebrate thy name divine;
Thro' ſcenes of joy for ever pure,
And all my work be praiſe and love.